

FEBRUARY • 1957

***WASHINGTON* LINCOLN *WASHINGTON* LINCOLN ***

Who lived here? Who wore this hat?

Who was this man? and Who was that? Who won a war for liberty? Who saved our Nation's unity? Who cut down a charity tree? and wore this tricorn gallantly? Whose could this memorial be?

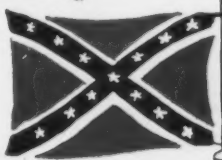
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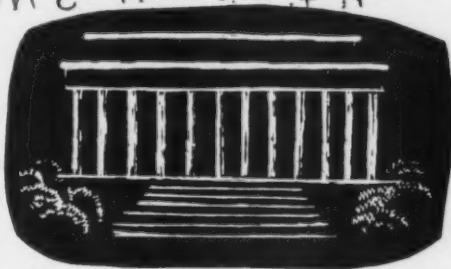
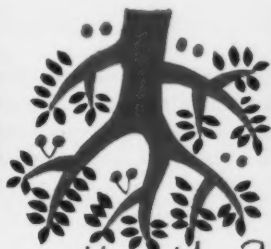


no was the



W; J. J.

no savea





JOY FOR HUNGARIANS—A 2-year-old Hungarian refugee boy hugs his teddy bear, a gift from the American Junior Red Cross, as he is held tightly by his father. They are two of the Hungarian refugees who are arriving each day at Camp Kilmer, N. J. The AJRC has made available gift boxes, soft toys, underwear, and sweaters for refugee children in Austria and at Camp Kilmer.

Children around the World

VOLUME 38

FEBRUARY 1957

NUMBER 4

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Our cover

When February comes we like to remember the birthdays of our two great Americans, Washington and Lincoln. For the NEWS cover this month, Dagmar Wilson, one of our favorite NEWS artists, has made a special design honoring these birthdays. Can you answer the questions on the cover?

Joy for Hungarians

A Hungarian refugee mother at Camp Kilmer, N. J., expresses her thanks for Junior Red Cross gifts at Christmas time: "I am so happy, especially for our children, that we will have a fuller and richer Christmas in this wonderful land. Our Christmases in Hungary have been miserable these past several years. We have not had freedom to observe it in the religious sense because we have been afraid."

AJRC birthday year

1957 is the 40th anniversary year of the founding of the American Junior Red Cross. It was on September 17, 1917 that Woodrow Wilson, then President of the United States, wrote this famous message:

"The Junior Red Cross will instruct you in ideals and habits of service, will show you how to be useful to your school, how to aid the older people in your community in their efforts to promote the health and comfort of the people among whom you live, and how to help children in foreign lands."

We like to get letters

The editors are always happy to receive letters from NEWS readers. Here are two which we want to share with you:

All rooms receive the NEWS each month. The last issue was especially interesting. The stories teach us about children in other lands and also something about children in our own country. All of us agree that the Red Cross NEWS is one of our best magazines.—*Michael Adams, Northrop Public School, Minneapolis, Minn.*

I enjoy the NEWS you publish. I like the stories in it.—*Dale Six, Reid School, Springfield, Ohio.*

LOIS S. JOHNSON, Editor.

American Junior Red Cross
NEWS



A LOOK BACK INTO THE HISTORY
OF THE FOUNDING OF THE JAMES-
TOWN COLONY 350 YEARS AGO

By Helen Reeder Cross

POCAHONTAS THE

HISTORICAL NOTE

On April 26 in the year 1607 (which is exactly 350 years ago) three small English ships sailed up a wide river and landed on a narrow green strip of land in Virginia. It was a lovely spot. New green leaves were unfolding on the trees. Wild strawberries were ripe. How delicious they tasted to the handful of Englishmen! For 4 long months at sea they had eaten only dried meat and stale bread.

It seemed a goodly spot. They could not see the dark savage faces peering at them from behind the forest trees.

So the explorers landed and began to build a settlement. First a fort, then log cabins. They named it James Towne, in honor of their king. This became the first English town in the New World to last

through every sort of hardship—fire and Indian wars, famine and sickness. Later, for almost a hundred years, it was even the capital of Virginia.

You may still visit Jamestown today. It is no longer a village, but a national shrine of which America is very proud. Nothing remains of the town except the broken brick walls of an old church and a tall white monument.

Today two statues look out at the wide river. One is of a weatherbeaten man with a beard. This is John Smith, the great explorer and first map-maker of the New World. The other is of a beautiful Indian girl whose name was Pocahontas. It was thanks to her friendship and bravery that the settlers of Jamestown were not forced to sail back again across the wide Atlantic. This is Pocahontas' story:





Illustrated by William Riley

John Smith could not believe his eyes! Here was his "Little Angel" of yesterday with food for the hungry colonists.

BRAVE

CHIEF POWHATAN'S Council Hall was dark and smoky on that December day in the year 1607. It was crowded too with the less-important Indian chieftains and young braves. Only one squaw was there. She was a young girl of 12. Pocahontas stood tall, slim, and proud by her father's side. No one seemed surprised to see her at this special pow-wow. All the tribe knew she was Powhatan's favorite child.

The only light in the large tepee came from a fire which burned in its center. Around this danced three evil-looking medicine men. The three savages were dressed entirely in furs. On their heads they wore raccoon skins with the bushy tails dangling over their faces. Round and round the fire they pranced and howled, shaking great gourd rattles with every step.

Only Pocahontas did not watch them. Instead, her eyes were on the white man who sat at her father's feet. This man's dress was not like that

of an Indian. His skin was fair, though not fresh or young. Most amazing of all, his chin was covered with a golden beard to match his hair. Pocahontas had never seen a man with a beard before, or with light-colored hair.

But it was not his appearance that so charmed the Indian girl. Did this white man know, she wondered, that the tribal council was at this moment deciding his fate? Did he not realize that the medicine men had been asked by Powhatan to decide whether Captain John Smith should live or die? Yet here sat this Englishman as calmly as if the wild dance around the fire were an entertainment. His bright blue eyes darted from face to face. He seemed not in the least worried. Was he brave or merely foolish? Pocahontas could not decide. Once his glance fell upon the girl in the fringed doeskin robe and he smiled!

The Indian girl smiled back shyly. Then a frown chased away her smile. She knew, even if the white man did not, that his life hung by a slender thread. As an Indian chief's daughter she had seen many men die, enemies of her Sesquesahamock tribe. But something about this John Smith was different.

Still, she understood her father's problem. Powhatan was worried about the white men who had come to Virginia in three great ships. If they had come and gone, all would have been well. It would have made a tale to tell around a campfire.

Instead, these palefaced people had built a fort and twenty houses within it. "James Towne," they called it. They had killed the red man's game with their dangerous, noisy weapons. Worse, they had shot several savages who had been careless with arrows near the settlement.

Here was one of their leaders, John Smith. With signs and pictures drawn in the sand he talked of other white men coming. He asked too many questions about what lay beyond the river. Maybe it would be wise to put a stop to the wild dreams of these white men to explore and build new homes. This was the red man's country, the Indian's hunting ground. Powhatan meant to keep it his.

As for this fellow, John Smith was a powerful chief among the paleface tribe. If he were done away with now it might discourage the others. It might even make them go back where they came from across the sea.

This much Pocahontas knew. She had heard talk around the council fires far into the night. It sounded reasonable and wise—until she had seen this John Smith. Something about him warmed her heart.

Suddenly Pocahontas was startled out of her thoughts. The tom-toms began a rumble that soon grew deafening. The medicine men had decided the fate of John Smith. Powhatan lifted his hand, then let it drop sharply. Pocahontas' heart stopped. She knew the fearful signal.

Two strong warriors leapt into the firelight. Each swung a heavy club. Without pausing to think of her own safety, Pocahontas threw herself upon John Smith to shield him from those clubs.

"Save him, Father!" she shrieked. "Red chief and white chief must be friends!"

Proud of so quick and brave a daughter, Powhatan again lifted his hand. Before the Englishman had quite realized what had happened, his life had been spared.

Next day Captain John Smith was led back safely through the forest to James Towne by Indian guides. There he was received with rejoicing by the settlers who had given him up for lost.

As if saving his life once were not enough,

Pocahontas came again and again to the rescue of her new white friend and hero. She knew that John Smith had hoped to bargain with her father for food. Indian spies had told Powhatan that the colonists were hungry. Their first corn crop had been poor. Unfriendly Indians had frightened them so that they didn't dare hunt in the dense forest. Many of the men were sick and weak from drinking the unhealthy water of the muddy river.

So on the very next day the girl made a secret plan with several of her young Indian friends. They filled baskets with corn, venison, and plucked wild turkeys. Silently, as only Indians can, they slipped through the snowy forest to the high palisade of the settlement.

The sentries could not believe their eyes. Neither could John Smith. Here was his "Little Angel" of yesterday with food for the hungry colonists. It was he who should be carrying gifts to her! But when he pressed a necklace of blue glass beads into her hand, Pocahontas smiled and pushed it away.

There were other things, though, that she would accept from her new friend. The Indian girl was eager to learn the ways of the white man from him. She came often to James Towne. There she liked to listen to the English songs, to taste an English boiled pudding, to ring a pewter bell, to gaze with wonder at her reflection in a looking-glass.

One day she watched eagerly while John Smith worked on a map he was making of Virginia. After she understood what it was, she took the quill from his hand and drew a tiny tepee on the spot where her father's Indian village stood.

Pocahontas loved the hearty laughter of these white men. Her own people were a silent race, speaking little and laughing seldom. This young squaw had a streak of fun unusual for an Indian. One day she put the whole settlement into a merry uproar by turning cartwheels for their pleasure. Another time she dressed herself in animal skins and the antlers of a deer and performed a wild dance around a campfire. Years later John Smith wrote these antics in his book about the early days of Virginia.

The captain was delighted with his charming young friend. Nothing pleased him more than to sit with her in the doorway of his cabin. There each would teach the other his own tongue. English words for *robin* and *pumpkin* and *fort*. Indian words for *moccasin* and *arrow* and *porcupine*. It was more than a new game. It was a path to a new understanding between redskin and white. Each had much to teach the other.

But all of Pocahontas' kinsmen did not share her interest in and friendship for the English settlers. One day Powhatan and his braves were friendly and open-handed. They would share food and trade supplies for the glass beads and bright

ribbons of the white men. The next day they were likely to remember their fear that the Englishmen might be a threat to their hunting grounds. Then they would shoot an arrow through the heart of any hunter who dared to leave the safety of the fort.

John Smith was both clever and brave. The captain's quick wit saved the little colony of white men again and again from starvation and Indian massacre. When the savages demanded guns and swords in return for corn and meat, he made them accept beads and copper kettles instead.

Once, however, Powhatan resolved to get rid of

More on next page ➤

GEORGE WASHINGTON PUZZLE

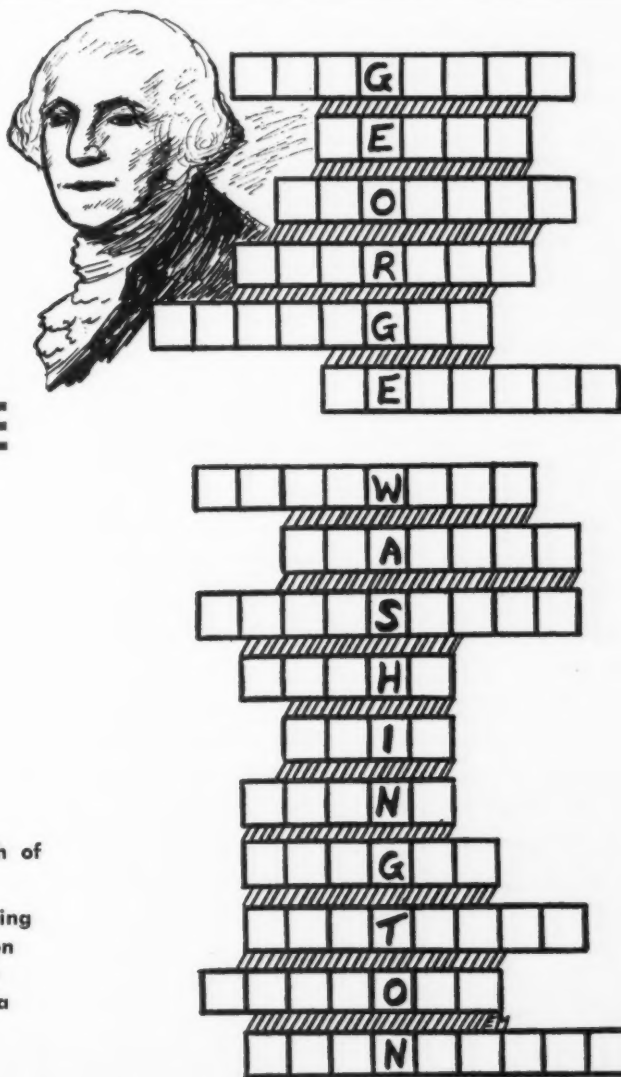
By ELLEN E. MORRISON

*George Washington is often called
The father of our country great.
With letters of his name as clues,
Can you fill in each given state?*

Find the correct place in the puzzle for each of these states:

Georgia	Vermont	Michigan	Wyoming
Alabama	Virginia	Delaware	Oregon
Ohio	Maine	Kentucky	Idaho
Texas	Louisiana	Minnesota	Florida

(Answers on page 26)



this stouthearted man once and for all. Pocahontas heard of her father's scheme. She flew secretly through the forest to warn her English friend.

"Do not taste the hot fragrant food which my father Powhatan will send you this night," she cried, "for it will be poisoned!"

It must have been a hard thing for a daughter to do. She loved her father and was his favorite child. Yet she felt in her heart that her strong new hero was too fine and good a man to wish any evil to her Indian people. She must save his life. Some day, surely, red man and white man would learn to be friends.

One day when Pocahontas knew nothing of it, a stroke of bad luck befell John Smith. His powder horn exploded and injured his arm. There was no doctor to treat his wound. So his friends insisted that he sail back to England for help.

It was a bitter blow for Pocahontas when she heard the news that her friend was gone. Just when she had begun to understand his language and he hers. She wandered off to visit a neighboring tribe of Indians until her sorrow faded.

While she was away from her own people a band of Englishmen captured and took her to James Towne as their prisoner. Not to keep behind locked doors, for the settlers knew and loved the Indian maid. But by now more ships had brought more Englishmen, and Powhatan had grown more angry about his hunting grounds. There were rumors of a bitter war with the Indians. Perhaps, with Pocahontas inside the fort, Powhatan would not attack it, the white men believed.

So it turned out. Pocahontas was not unhappy to be living inside the fort at James Towne. She still missed her older friend with the golden beard and the kind blue eyes. But other Englishmen became her friends, too.

In particular, there was one young man with black eyes and hair as smooth as a crow's wing. His name was John Rolfe. He was a planter who grew the finest tobacco in his clearing—tobacco that English ships were eager to take to the London market.

Rolfe began to stop at Pocahontas' cabin to help her pound corn or to watch while her swift fingers stitched beads on a moccasin. In the spring the two went walking together in the meadows for violets and wild strawberries. With John Rolfe as teacher, Pocahontas learned to read and write. She was even baptized with a new name, Rebecca.

By now it was the year 1614. James Towne was a thriving village 7 years old. The Indian girl had grown into a beautiful young woman. No one was surprised one April day to be invited to the wedding of the two young people in the little log church.

No bride was ever lovelier than Pocahontas. Her bright black eyes and hair shone. Her dark skin was beautiful against the white of her English dress and veil. The veil was held in place, Indian fashion, by a band of white eagle feathers.

Powhatan did not come to his daughter's wedding to the white man. But he sent her two brothers. They marveled at their sister with her Indian beauty and her new paleface manner and speech. All could see that her open generous heart had not changed.

The young couple was very happy. Two years later with their baby son Thomas, Pocahontas and John Rolfe sailed for a year in England. There the lovely Indian girl was received by the king, as befitted a princess. She was the talk of London. Some say that she met her dear friend John Smith again. How delighted he must have been to see his little friend, born a savage, now so charming a gentlewoman.

The story has a sad ending. On the day after the little family had set sail for their home in America, Pocahontas became ill. She died without seeing her beloved Virginia forests again. But her son grew up. He was one of the first Americans to have an English father and an Indian mother. Today his many descendants are proud that the brave and beautiful Pocahontas was their great-great-great grandmother. She, the Indian girl who grew to love the white man's ways, would be happy to know that one of her great-great-granddaughters, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, was once First Lady of the United States of America. (END)

First in Europe

The first American Junior Red Cross day camp for elementary schools in Europe became a reality last summer at Wiesbaden, Germany.

Fifty-eight boys and girls, 9 through 13 years of age, attended the week-long camp located in a beautiful wooded area 10 miles from the famous German spa of Wiesbaden. All of the children were members of the JRC at the Hoyt S. Vandenberg Elementary School for Americans in Wiesbaden.

Camp opened each morning with a general assembly where the children were told about some phase of the Red Cross program. During the day they attended first aid and home nursing classes. They filled gift boxes and made favors, such as posters, tray ornaments, and flower vases, for the U. S. Air Force Hospital in Wiesbaden. Supervised recreation periods were held each morning and afternoon.

On the final day the juniors concluded their general assembly with a lusty rendering of some 20 verses of the cheer they composed:

Hurrah for Red Cross!
Hurrah for Red Cross!
Someone's in the crowd
Yelling hurrah for Red Cross!
One—two—three—four—
Red—Cross. That's it!

So successful was this first camp that plans are being made to hold other similar day camps next summer.

Campers wave goodbye to staff members at the closing of the first AJRC day camp held in Europe. ➤



▲ A quartet sings the JRC song they wrote themselves for the American Junior Red Cross day camp held at Wiesbaden, Germany.



▲ The camp council plans a report about the center which they will give to Red Cross and school officials on their return.





Henri looked at the flakes in amazement. Only a few times in his life had he seen snow in Menton on the French Riviera.

Story by EDITH PATTERSON MEYER

Illustrated by FRED COLLINS

Riviera Snowman

THERE was no school for Henri that Tuesday afternoon in Menton, the sunny little town on the French Riviera. It was the week of the *Fêtes du Citron*, the Lemon Festival, and at half past two there would be a parade with floats and

girls in costume and three brass bands. Every February the people of Menton celebrate the gathering of the lemons and oranges they have raised, with parades and an exhibition of the finest of the golden fruit.

Henri was excited because for the first time he was going to march in the parade. An older boy who played the French horn in the Boys Band had become ill and Henri was going to take his place. Henri played the French horn very well indeed for a boy of 11, even considering that his father was a musician. He had rehearsed once with the Boys Band and they had practiced marching around the schoolyard as they played. The band leader had put Henri in the front row, between two boys with drums. And he had given him one of the band uniforms, blue with white braid trimming, to wear in the parade. It was a bit too big, for all the boys in the band were older than Henri, but they turned up the legs and sleeves, and Henri's mother moved over the buttons.

At lunchtime Henri put it on and stood in front of the long mirror to admire himself in it. Then he picked up his horn and hurried back to the schoolyard. Most of the boys were already there. Henri turned up the collar of his jacket, for the sun was not so warm as it had been in the morning and a sharp wind was beginning to blow off the mountains. But the waters of the Mediterranean were soft and blue and shone in patches where the sun touched them.

"You boys got sweaters on under your uniforms?" the band leader asked. "You're going to need them."

Henri had not thought to put his on. Now, leaving his horn with one of the drummer boys, he raced home to get it. On his way up the hill he met some of his classmates dressed in funny clothes. They were going to walk along beside the floats in the parade. And he saw some older girls he knew, wearing straw hats, pink striped skirts, and thin white blouses with little silk scarfs over their shoulders.

"Br-r-r," called Henri. "You're going to be cold!"

"Oh, we'll be warm enough, riding in the float and throwing out oranges," they called back.

Henri put on his sweater and rushed out again. He waved to the American boy who was spending the winter with his parents at the boarding house

across the street. He seemed like a friendly boy, Henri thought. Too bad they didn't speak the same language.

The uniform fitted better with the sweater under it. It felt better too. Today was really cold! Henri put up his hand to brush something wet away from his cheek. He glanced up, then stopped and reached out his arm. Fine white flakes of snow settled on the blue sleeve.

Henri looked at them in amazement. Only a few times in his life had he seen snow in Menton. On the mountaintops, a few miles to the north, yes, but not in warm, sunny Menton-on-the-sea. The parade! Would they march in the snow? Henri ran on, faster, reaching the schoolyard out of breath.

"Time to go," the band leader was saying. The boys got into formation and started for the big square. As they came near the long street down which the parade would go, Henri saw that wooden rails had been put up across the streets that led into it. People were beginning to gather behind the rails and some of them had paid a fee to get into the street itself. Men were walking up and down, selling bags of yellow confetti. And all the time the white flakes kept coming softly down.

At the square the band leader left the boys to go to report to the committee in charge. When he came back he said, "They may call off the parade. There are snow clouds blowing down from the mountains and there's snow falling all around Menton. They'll have to decide soon."

Henri looked around at the floats lined up ready to start. Some were built up on trucks, others were drawn by horses whose ears stuck out of yellow-and-green hoods which hung over their long necks. On every float the gold and yellow fruit was piled up in some special design. On one float alternating rows of oranges and lemons formed a great ball; on another, a gigantic open shell; on a third, a bell in a tower. Some of the girls Henri had seen were standing inside a float shaped like a boat, its sides made

of oranges and lemons. One float had a huge wicker basket filled with fruit and costumed girls standing beside it, ready to toss the oranges and lemons out to the crowd.

Lively music had been coming from the loud speakers set all around the square. Suddenly the music stopped. A voice said: "This is the committee chairman of the *Fetes du Citron*. I regret to announce that because of the weather the committee has decided to postpone the parade. It will not take place today. I repeat: The parade will not take place today. The date when it will be will be announced later."

That was all. The music began again.

Now all was confusion. Men helped the shivering girls down from the floats. Drivers took the horses back to the stables. Seven little donkeys with panniers of oranges and lemons hanging at their sides trotted after the horses.

"You heard," the band leader said to the boys. "Now off with you. And don't forget to bring your uniforms to school tomorrow."

Henri could hardly believe what was happening. His first parade, called off on account of snow! He walked slowly up the hill toward home. The flakes were coming down faster now, whirling about his ears. In spite of his disappointment he felt a new excitement. He tucked his horn under one arm and stretched out his hands to the snow. Then he took off his cap and let the flakes gather in his thick black hair.

Suddenly he ran. He dashed into his house, put down his horn, took off his uniform and put on his oldest play clothes. He pulled on his hiking boots, an old leather jacket, and a stocking cap. Then he started out again.

For a while he ran along the street, scuffing the snow with his boots. He picked some up, felt of it, even tasted it. But he did not know how to play with it. He walked about, watching the snow weighing down the branches of the palms and the pines and turning the red rooftops white.

Then he heard a shout from the little open

SNOW

Clouds are like snowballs so fluffy, so light
Let's build a snowman so pretty and bright.
With a big long nose and two coal eyes,
He'd never win a beauty prize.

He'll be big and fat with only one spat,
And on his head will be a black hat.
With a pipe in his mouth, and in his hand
broom
I'm sure he'll take up plenty of room.

—JOAN KASTER
Kingsman School
Washington, D. C.

square beside the railroad which ran along above the town. It was the American boy. He was scooping up armfuls of the snow and putting it in one place.

"Come help me," he called in Henri's language.

Henri was surprised. Did the American boy speak French? He hurried across to the little square. "*Vous parlez Francais?*" he asked.

The American boy laughed. "I've been going to school here," he explained in French. "I wanted to talk to you before but I was afraid you couldn't understand me. My name's Bill," he added.

Henri's face brightened. "*Mais oui*, Bill," he said. "You speak well. I am Henri. What are you doing with the snow?"

"Making a snowman," said Bill. "Want to help?"

"A snowman?" asked Henri, bewildered. "Oh, *oui*—a man of snow!" And he began to scoop up the snow and put it on Bill's pile. Then Bill showed him how to make a snowball and roll it about until it became enormous. For now the snow was thick on the ground.

Henri told Bill about his disappointment at not playing in the parade. "This is more fun," Bill said. "You'll play when they have the parade, and today you can make your first snowman."

This is what we do at my home in America when the first snow comes."

The boys built up two sturdy white legs, then set a great fat body on them, and then a big round head on the body. Henri wanted the snowman to face the slope of the hill where his two eyes, made of coal, could look out on the great gray sea. But Bill said, "Ah, what's the use? He can't see it. Let's have him face the track so the people in the train can see him as they go by. They don't often see a snowman on the Riviera!"

So the boys turned the snowman's face toward the railroad tracks. They made two arms and stuck a palm branch, broken from the weight of the snow, like a musket in the right arm.

Then Bill had another idea. "We'll have him blow a horn, like you in the parade!"

"And make a cap and a uniform for him too?" Henri asked.

"Why not?" said Bill.

By now the boys were laughing and chatting like old friends. When Bill did not understand Henri's fast French and when Henri did not understand Bill's slow and faulty French, they

just shrugged their shoulders and made signs and laughed all the more.

Henri made the cap of snow and put coal buttons down the front of the jacket. "Way over, like mine," he said, and he told Bill about his borrowed uniform.

They had a hard time with the horn. The mouthpiece would break and the horn fall off. At last they gave the snowman a new right arm, built to hold the big horn in place. They tucked the palm branch under his other arm. Then they stood back to admire their horn-blowing snowman.

Just then there was a *toot-toot*, and the little train came chugging along on its way from Nice to the first town in Italy, a few miles beyond Menton. The train windows were full of faces looking with amazement at the lovely but unbelievable scene before them—this warm, sunny, southern coast of France blanketed in snow. And then they saw the snowman.

Bill and Henri saw them look and point and look again. Without a word the two boys clasped hands behind their snowman. Then, smiling broadly, they made a deep bow as the train rolled slowly by.

(END)



The boys stood back to admire their horn-blowing snowman.

For Safety

For my own safety and for the safety of others,
I will always remember to:

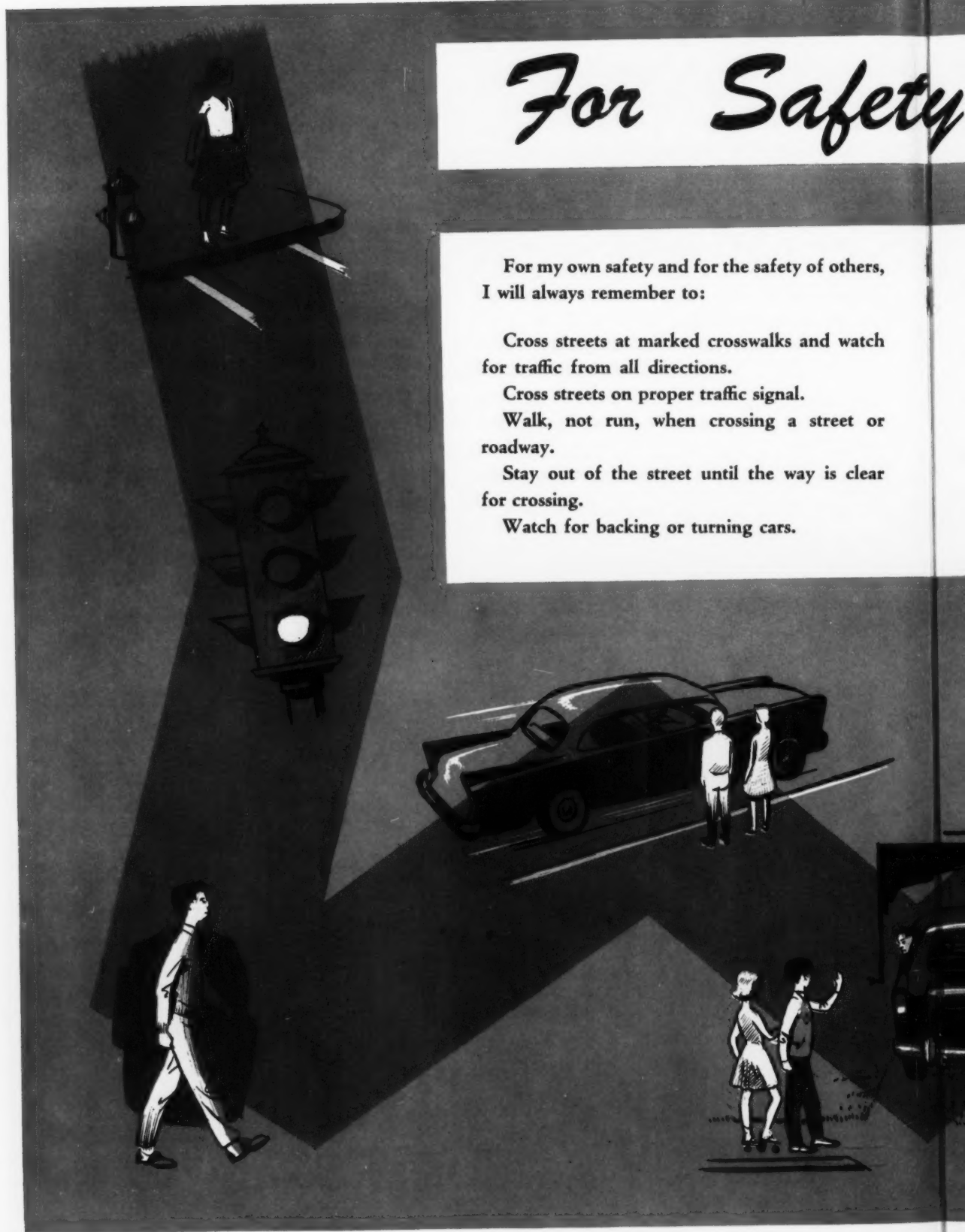
Cross streets at marked crosswalks and watch
for traffic from all directions.

Cross streets on proper traffic signal.

Walk, not run, when crossing a street or
roadway.

Stay out of the street until the way is clear
for crossing.

Watch for backing or turning cars.



...y's Sake

Face traffic when it is necessary to walk on the highway.

Be especially careful after dark and wear or carry something easily seen by drivers.

Get out of cars, buses, and streetcars on the curb side and watch for moving traffic.

Set an example by obeying traffic laws, signs, and signals.

—From "Traffic Safety," one of the Safety Guides for elementary schools, free on request from your local chapter of the American Red Cross.



Illustrated by JOHN DONALDSON



Tai Cha prepares her bed on the floor.

Happiness Child

The story of a little Korean girl, Kim Tai Cha
and how she and her brothers and
sister, live and play in Korea

*as told to Betty Burleigh
Writer and photographer,
Far East Area Headquarters
American Red Cross*

MY NAME is Kim Tai Cha (pronounced TAY JAW). When the Clear Bright Season comes again to Korea I will be 12 years old.

I am the daughter of my father, General Kim Chung Yul, who has charge of the Republic of Korea Air Force. Kim is our family name. My given name, Tai Cha, means "Happiness Child." In our Korean language one of the meanings of "tai" is happiness and "cha" means girl child.

I live with my father and mother, three brothers and one sister in a big Korean house. Our house has a red-tiled roof that curves up at the corners in a smile. Our house with the smiling roof is in the city of Seoul. Seoul rhymes with "bowl" and with "roll." Seoul is the capital city of my country, Korea.

Korea is known as "the land of the morning calm."

When the sun looks over our courtyard wall, the leaves in our garden are still sleeping. The

leaves sleep there in the early sunlight without moving. Later in the day the wind will come to shake the leaves awake.

I enjoy looking out of our upstairs window when mothers are cooking breakfasts all over the city of Seoul. In the still air the smoke from the chimneys rises straight to the sky. I look down on many, many roof tops. There are stiff, tiled ones of red or gray with turned up corners. And there are the tan roofs of soft rice straw, like hats, covering the mud houses of the poor.

"Tai Cha," my mother calls, "breakfast waits."

I go downstairs. My mother and father are sitting on small cushions on the floor by our bird table. Like all Korean tables, it stands only a few inches from the floor. Our bird table has a design of birds on its shiny black top. The birds are made of rainbow pearl (mother-of-pearl) that grows on the insides of shells.

I join my sister and two of my brothers who are

sitting on cushions around our flower table. It has rainbow pearl flowers on its shiny black top.

My sister, In Cha, is 9. Her name means "Virtue Child." My biggest brother, who is 10, is Duk Ki or "All Goodness Boy." Sometimes I think that is not the right name for him! My 7-year-old brother, Jung Ki or "Honest Boy," talks about the kites he is making.

While a servant brings our food I watch my baby brother, Hung Ki or "Enjoyment Boy." He is sleeping on the floor in the corner of the room on his *eebul* (sleeping quilt). His tiny hands, resting on the green silk spread that covers him, look like two pink flowers on grass.

We eat a western breakfast of eggs and toast. Of course we have our Korean *kimchee*. We eat

our *kimchee*, a kind of spicy, pickled cabbage, with every meal. My father likes western cooking. He wears slacks and sports shirts at home and plays golf. He has been to America with our President, Syngman Rhee.

Before I leave for school my mother braids my hair, tying my braids with bright ribbons. I like the yellow ones best, for they remind me of my favorite flower, the yellow rose.

In school, in virtue class, we learn about the five virtues of Confucius, a Chinese teacher who lived almost 2,500 years ago. Then our teacher tells us about the good men and women who have risked their lives to make Korea free. We also study Korean, arithmetic, reading, cooking, sewing, manners, English, music, and art. →

ARC photos by Betty Burleigh



TOP—Tai Cha's father, General Kim, gives his children a golf lesson in front of their house. (L to R, Mrs. Kim holding Hung Ki, General Kim, In Cha, Tai Cha, Duk Ki, Jung Ki.)

RIGHT—Tai Cha and her mother do the ironing, Korean style, by beating the clothes with sticks that look like small baseball bats.





Tai Cha and her classmate (left) paste pictures in a JRC album. Both wear the school uniform. At right, in Korean dress, is Lee Un Ok who carries her baby brother on her back.



Tai Cha (left) and a classmate, members of JRC cleanup squad, dust shoe rack. Students leave shoes here so they will not track mud in classrooms.



Tai Cha (at piano) plays a duet with her brother Duk Ki.

Our art teacher lets us paint whatever we want. I always paint flowers. Some of my flower pictures have been sent to schools in America in our Junior Red Cross international correspondence albums. In these books we paste pictures and photographs of our temples, palaces, and gardens. The prettiest garden in all Korea is the Secret Garden of the Chang Kyung Won Palace here in Seoul. In the Secret Garden is a water map, a lake made into the shape of Korea.

We Junior Red Cross members in my school have adopted a poor school north of Seoul. We think of the students there as our brothers and sisters. They cannot buy the things they need because they have no money. We send them paper, pencils, and warm clothes.

After school I practice my piano lessons at home. My music teacher is a professor of music at Seoul University. When I am grownup I hope I can fly in airplanes to important cities all over the world and play on grand pianos in concert halls. People who come to hear me will clap for me and say, "She is Korean." Over and over, I practice those exercises in the Czerny music books to train my fingers to dance on the keys.

What I like best is to play Korean songs while my family sings with me. Our favorite song is about the Moo-goong-wha, the national flower of Korea. When I was just a little girl my mother told me about our wonderful Moo-goong-wha. "Wha" is flower. "Moo-goong" means everlasting.

It is an always flower and a talking flower. Its petals are lavender pink. Always it blooms for us, in the Season of the Budding Showers, to tell us something we already know. Without making any noise at all, these flowers shout, "Korea will live always."

Our Moo-goong-wha grows for us everywhere—in the gardens of our cities, along our village roads, and wild upon our hills. (END)

Waco and his sister Chica,
and their pet llama are all
going to the Fair.



EL EKEKO The Good Luck Doll

And how he brought fun to Waco and his
sister Chica at the fair in Bolivia—

Told and illustrated by
Gisella Loeffler



El Ekeko was always loaded down with toys
and clothes and other good things.

IN FAR-AWAY Bolivia, two children, Waco and his sister Chica, and their pet llama are all going to the Alasitas Fair at La Paz. The children look very appealing in their native clothes, all hand-woven and hand-knitted. And look at the tall white stove-pipe hat on Chica's head and the knitted cap with the ear flaps on Waco's head, and their white llama with the pink tassels in his ears. A llama, as you know, is a beautiful animal, who looks something like a camel and a sheep.

But what are the children doing at the market?

They have not one *boliviano* (small coin) to spend. Their mother had said to Waco and Chica, "Keep away from that Alasitas market! We are poor people. We haven't any money to spend."

Waco and Chica had just been to their grandmother's house. They had taken her some dried potatoes. Even while at grandmother's house they heard all the exciting and happy sounds of the fair.

Yes, here are Waco and Chica marching right to the fair. How could they keep from going? Grandmother had told them the story about *El Ekeko*. In the old days of the Incas, she told them, far over the snow-covered Andes mountains in South America, the children had a little doll god called *El Ekeko*. Ah, how the children loved this little *El Ekeko*! *Ekeko* was always loaded with wonderful things—all the good things of life that people needed to make life comfortable and joyful. He had bundles of food tied around him, toys, farming tools, and clothes. The Incas believed that whichever household had such a little doll god, that household was always blessed with abundance.

When the Spanish conquerors came, all images of people and animals were destroyed. They wanted to root out all pagan notions. But *El Ekeko* was just a little doll. The children mourned for their *Ekeko*. And of course as the centuries passed without *El Ekeko* he was greatly built up in memory. The story passed from one generation to another.

Now today *El Ekeko* has been revived.

Every year in La Paz, Bolivia, a fair or market is held—a sort of children's market. The stalls and booths are full of small things that children like. All the things that grown people need and want and cherish are made in miniature for Alasitas Fair!

So of course you can't blame Waco and Chica for wanting to go to the market, for hadn't their Grandmother said, "If you had such a doll—*El Ekeko*—with all his bundles of good things, your home would be blessed"? Ah, but how to get such a wonderful doll?

At the Fair, Waco and Chica's eyes get bigger

and bigger. Ah, such sights, such wonders! And the tantalizing cooking smells! Ah, smell those good doughnuts which Encarnacion is frying in hot fat at her stall! The children stand drooling before Encarnacion. Oh, how they would like one little doughnut.

Encarnacion has a warm heart. She says "*Muchachos* (children), I know you are hungry. If you get me a jug of water from the well that is in the middle of the market place, I will give you each a doughnut. I cannot leave this frying for fear the fat will burn."

And Waco and Chica run fast to bring Encarnacion a jug of water.

Whatever they do—stand, walk, run, or dance—Chica keeps right on spinning with her little spindle. She spins her wool all the time.

Encarnacion is as good as her word. She gives Waco and Chica each a good hot sweet doughnut.

There is so much going on for the children to see. There two women are bargaining over a length of orange woolen cloth! There they see a stall full of knitted petticoats. They see pink silk blouses, and purple, red, yellow, and green skirts.

There are derby hats for the women and striped *ponchos* (coats) for the men. There are bags and caps, knitted in the most intricate patterns of stars and men and llamas and flowers, all so bright and gay. The more the colors clash and sing, the better the Indian women like them.

There stands a boy with reed flutes. The people come and try out the flutes—such tootling and piping! Ah, but listen! Real music, a sort of band. And look at those *musicos* (musicians)! One of



them plays on a drum and pipes and a flute all at the same time. Another has a devil mask on his head. That one plays a *charango* (a guitar made of an armadillo), and the third *musico* blows on a long, long horn. Aye, such music!

Waco and Chica are so very happy, they pull out their silk handkerchiefs and start dancing *La Cueca* (the Bolivian handkerchief dance). They spin from one dance to another.

My, how the people like all that happy dancing! How the children's pretty silk handkerchiefs wave and flutter round and round! How Chica's colored woolen skirts sway, and her silver fish earrings bob up and down.

And little Waco! How he swirls and stamps, and his ear flaps flap. Those little feet, how they shuffle and skip!

More and more people watch. First they throw confetti and paper serpentinas, and then the coins, *centavos* (cents) and *bolivianos*. The money flies and tinkles. The dances get better and better, and the *musicos* are happy too—all that *dinero* (money) flying around.

The musicians and the children divide all the money. Whew, *mucho dinero*! Never have the children had so much money, now they can buy, buy! Some precious cocoa for Papa, and a knitted mask hat for brother, a knitted chola-bag and wooden rolling pin for Mama, and some pottery jars, and a comb and a basket and some rice and candles and soap, and a tin of lard, some flour and some kerosene, and a chicken.

Oh, and there sits *tia* (aunt or good old woman), all fluffed out like a hen, in all her big skirts, and her bag all covered with coins, and she says, "*Muchachos, mira!*" (Children, look!) "I have the most complete *El Ekeko* doll in the market. I will let you have him very cheap. He has everything a household needs, even an umbrella, and a fan, and a rake and a spade, and a balsa boat (such as the fishermen use on Lake Titicaca) and a grass mattress! Take him, buy him. Your home will never want again. He even has a little flute and confetti to make the spirit gay. See all his many good little bundles."



"Come and buy my *El Ekeko* doll," Tia calls to Waco and Chica at the Fair.

Of course, Waco and Chica buy the doll, *El Ekeko* and *tia* helps tie him on the llama's back, very gently and carefully. A llama is a very sensitive and proud animal. Never overload a llama! If a llama's load is too heavy, he will spit and sit down and not get up for hours.

Tia is very kind. She helps the children pack all their little extras in the cloth bags on their backs.

So here they are, all packed and ready for their homeward journey. They are just covered with confetti and paper serpentinas. Little Chica is twirling her spindle and spinning her yarn, and Waco is tooting on his little flute. Ah, now what will Mama and Papa and little brother and the baby say?

How happy the whole family will be! Such lovely presents and a complete *El Ekeko* for good luck. Such abundance! Happy, happy day.

Buenos tardes (good evening), everybody!

(THE END)



HAZARD HUNTERS

in Washington, D. C.



Washington Post Photo

Safety first—Joe Aronoff, assistant director of safety services for District of Columbia Chapter, points out danger of roller skates and toys on a stairway to Daryll Walker and Lesley Zark.

Not tigers or other big game, but equally dangerous hazards that might cause accidents at home, at school, or at play

INSPECT — DETECT — CORRECT! These were the key words in the exciting hazard hunt carried on recently by JRCers at their Interschool Council meeting at the District of Columbia Chapter house. Safety at home, at school, and at play was demonstrated to over 120 fifth and sixth graders representing 61 elementary schools which belong to the JRC council, and to more than 50 parents who attended also.

Scary looking skull-and-crossbones signs were given to 12 students in the audience by Mr. Joe Aronoff, assistant director of Safety Services in the District of Columbia Chapter, who directed the hunt. "Come to the stage," said Mr. Aronoff, "Find an accident hazard, put the skull-and-crossbones sign on it, and stand nearby to explain why this could be considered an accident hazard."

Here are some of the hazards on the stage that were quickly located and explained by the hunters:

- Kerosene in coke bottle
- Paint can, cleaning fluid, and dirty rags
- Bottle of pills (unlabeled)
- Pan of boiling water on stove with handle turned out over edge of stove
- Skates at head of stairs
- Loose marbles on floor
- Small toys on floor
- Lamp cord stretched across floor
- Loose razor blades on table
- Pins and thumb-tacks on floor
- Open scissors in chair
- Open pocket-knife on table



JRCers show how to give artificial respiration.

Rules for correcting safety hazards were then summed up by Mr. Aronoff:

First, always follow the rules of good house-keeping—everything in its place and make certain that the place is both safe and proper.

Second, always follow the rules of courtesy and safety at school, on the playground, at home, and in transit.

Each representative was then given a sheet of skull-and-crossbones signs to be cut out and used in conducting a hazard hunt in their school, on their playground, or at home. Copies of the *Accident Prevention Checklist*, published by the American Red Cross, were also distributed so that teacher-sponsors could order additional copies for each member of their class.

"Be on the safe side," advise JRCers who took part in safety program at District of Columbia Chapter's Interschool Council meeting.

One of the most dramatic parts of the program was the introduction of platform "guests" by Mr. Aronoff. These "guests" were students who could not attend the meeting since they had not obeyed safety rules and they were represented by six empty chairs on the platform:

Bill—traffic accident; rode his bike into the street from between parked cars

Jim—drowning victim who had not taken advantage of learn-to-swim classes

Jerry—careless handling of firearms

Don and Martha—drank kerosene that they found in a coke bottle

Mary—serious burns; played with matches and clothing caught on fire

Simple techniques to be used in case of accident were demonstrated: First, where bleeding is a problem, apply pressure and elevate the wound, if possible. Second, eight students were called to the stage to learn how to give artificial respiration and to show the method to the group.

Students then saw a demonstration of home nursing techniques, put on by Mrs. Ruth Woods, assistant director of Nursing Services in the D. C. Chapter, and Miss Carmen Cabrera, study visitor from Venezuela. First, they saw a demonstration of baby care (how students can assist safely in handling younger brothers or sisters in the home), and then of correct and thorough hand-washing methods.

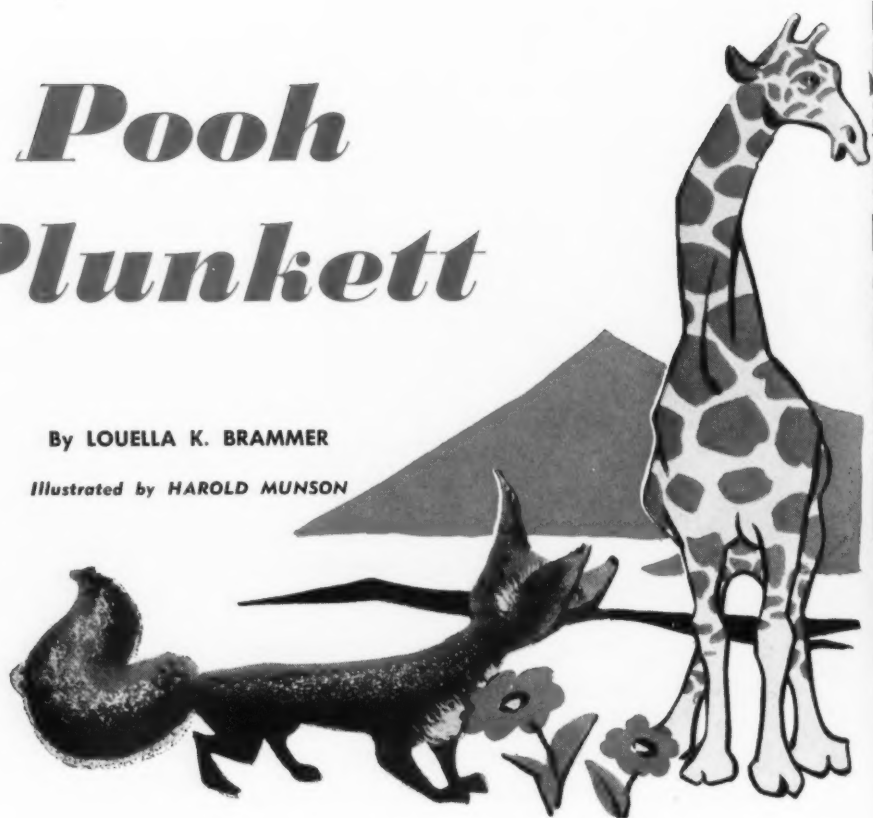
All the juniors were enthusiastic about the program. Several schools have since begun a thorough survey to inspect, detect, and correct hazards in the building and on the playground.



Pooh Pooh Plunkett

By LOUELLA K. BRAMMER

Illustrated by HAROLD MUNSON



PLUNKETT was a little elephant. He lived in the African forest with the other animals but he was not happy. He bragged all the time.

One day little Henry Lion was lying in the sun. He rolled over, stretched himself, let out a roar, and announced, "I'm big now."

Plunkett looked at him and said, "Pooh pooh, Henry, that's nothing. I'm not even grown up and I'm the biggest animal in the **WHOLE** forest."

And when the animals said old Mr. Owl was the wisest bird, Plunkett said, "Pooh pooh, that's nothing. I've got the best memory. **EVERYBODY** knows an elephant never forgets."

He bragged so much the animals nicknamed him, Pooh Pooh. Finally, when they couldn't stand it any longer, they called a meeting. All the animals came, even Pooh Pooh Plunkett himself.

Mr. Giraffe was the first one to speak. "If we let Pooh Pooh grow up bragging like this, no one will like him. Besides, there is no reason for it.

I don't brag just because I have the longest neck. Father Lion here is known the world over as the King of Beasts, but you don't hear him bragging."

Buffy Squirrel sat up. "I don't mind Pooh Pooh bragging about being the biggest animal in our forest," he said, "because I guess it's true. But this business about his having the best memory, well, I think he should have to prove it."

"Prove it!" shouted all the animals. "How?"

"I have a plan," Buffy said, smiling.

Plunkett looked at him. "Pooh pooh, that's nothing," he said. "When a squirrel matches wits with an elephant—"

"We shall see," said Buffy Squirrel. "Everybody meet at my house in the mopane tree tomorrow morning."

Pooh Pooh was so sure he would be the winner, that he was the first one there.

When all the animals had arrived, Buffy Squirrel sat up. Beside him, he had a pile of seeds from the acacia tree nearby.



Buffy Squirrel shouted, "Let's make Pooh Pooh prove he's best!"

"Nobody ever talks about a squirrel's memory," he said. "Yet every year, a squirrel hides hundreds of these seeds in holes in the trees. When it gets hot and there are no seeds, then he has some. If he couldn't remember where he hid them, he'd be a very hungry squirrel a lot of the time. I want Pooh Pooh to watch me hide these seeds, then see if he can remember where I put them. I can, you know."

Pooh Pooh looked taken aback. He started to open his mouth but for once had nothing to say. Even now, Buffy was scampering about like mad, racing up a tree, hiding a seed, scampering back to the pile for another one. All the animals watched.

Buffy moved so fast, it made Pooh Pooh dizzy. Elephants have very small eyes and don't see too well. Buffy Squirrel, scampering back and forth right under his nose, left Pooh Pooh in a daze.

All at once a shout went up from the animals. "It's your turn, Pooh Pooh. Go and find the seeds. Prove you've got that wonderful memory you're always talking about!"

Pooh Pooh took a step forward. He was so confused he couldn't remember whether Buffy had hidden the seeds in the trees to the left or right of him. He peered out before him. If he could find even one seed! But the trees looked all the same.

The animals were waiting. At last Pooh Pooh turned toward them. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm sorry I bragged about my memory. I guess it isn't really true. It just sounded good and I never thought I'd have to prove it."

"That's all right, Pooh Pooh, I mean Plunkett," said Buffy. "Everybody has some outstanding trait—something he is or can do, better than anyone else. We all know that. You're the biggest animal in our forest and you should be proud of it. *We* are. We are all your friends too, and we want you to know it."

To prove it, as each animal started home, he stopped to pat Plunkett's trunk, and Plunkett couldn't remember when he had ever been so happy.

(END)

MARIA USED HER HEAD



Maria (right) gives her sister a big hug.

**A true story of how a girl
in Texas saved her little sister's life
by quick thinking and action . . .**

MARIA ALEJANDRO, a JRCer in Francisco Ruiz Elementary School, San Antonio, Texas, is 11 years old. Because of her quick action, her little 3½-year-old sister Christina is alive today.

Maria was left in charge of her five younger brothers and sisters while both her father and mother were at work. She was busy cleaning up the bathroom when she heard Christina in the kitchen scream, "I'm burning! I'm burning!"

Running to her little sister as fast as she could go, she found Christina had picked up a package of matches and had set her clothes on fire. Just as Christina was about to run out the kitchen door, Maria grabbed her by the shoulders and stopped her. Maria remembered quick as a flash that running would only fan the flames higher.

Since there was no rug on the floor to wrap around Christina, Maria picked up a bucket of water from the table, threw it over Christina's burning clothes, and put out the fire.

Then Maria sent Jose, her 9-year-old brother, to a neighbor's for help.

When the parents came home, they found Christina fast asleep. Maria had worked so fast and so well, Christina was not even badly burned.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLE ON PAGE 7

Virginia	Michigan	Louisiana	Oregon
Texas	Georgia	Idaho	Kentucky
Wyoming	Delaware	Ohio	Vermont
Florida	Alabama	Maine	Minnesota

Budding NEWS Poets

THE GULF I LOVE

The gulf I love
So sparkly and blue,
With sand so white
It makes everything bright.
There's fish in the water
And shells on the shore,
Beautiful, wonderful
Gulf I love.

The gulf I love
So dreary and gray
With sweepy and roaring waves.
Fish down deep,
Dark, dark water,
Wet, wet sand,
So exciting and mysterious
The gulf I love.

—FOURTH GRADE CLASS
Agnes McReynolds School
Pensacola, Florida

THE WATER

The water comes falling from the sky,
And hurrying downward it seems to fly;
From mountain and valley and all the hills,
The water seemingly spills, and spills.
From land to sea it seems to flow
And on and on it delights to go.

—GLENN FORTUNE
Glide School
Glide, Oregon

THE WIND

The wind is whirling, twirling, all about,
Blowing people short and stout,
Even people long and thin,
Blowing them into a spin.
The clouds go scurrying, high in the sky,
When the wind goes blustering by.

—LESLIE THROSSELL
McKinley School
Yakima, Washington

THE OCEAN FLOOR

The ocean floor is full of things,
Some unknown and some unseen.
Rocks, and fish, and plants and weeds,
And other things the ocean needs.
The ocean floor is busy though,
Taking care of all these things, you know.
If you build a house upon the shore,
The ocean will carry these things to your door.

—W. B. IVERSON (pupil)
Beaver Brook School
Amery, Wisconsin

THE TIDE

The sea gulls scream and yell,
The waves roll in,
In comes the tide and the sea gulls fly away.
The fishermen go to their homes,
Sailing vessels come in,
The waves crash against the rocks,
Some of the rocks cave in,
And the large sea roars again.

—BILLY NIGH
Chula Vista School
Chula Vista, California

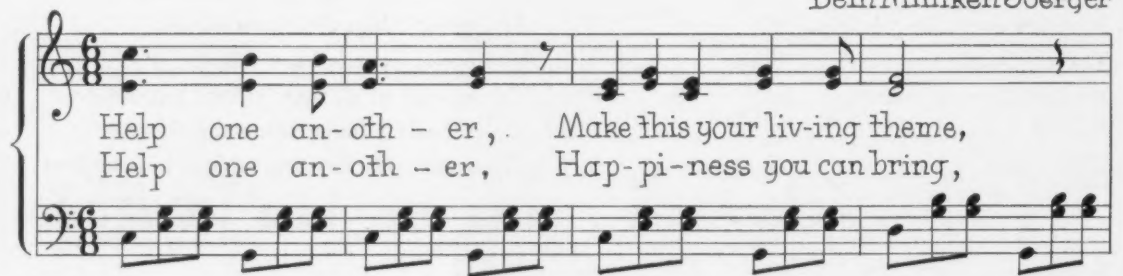
SONGS OF THE FOREST

Back in Pennsylvania there's a
song I know quite well
It's the song of the forest
With its magic and its spell
Of the birds so sweetly singing
and the brook that babbles there
And the squirrel that gently chatters
adds his music to the air.
These are songs of the forest
with which I often dwell
And if you too will listen
you will hear them just as well.

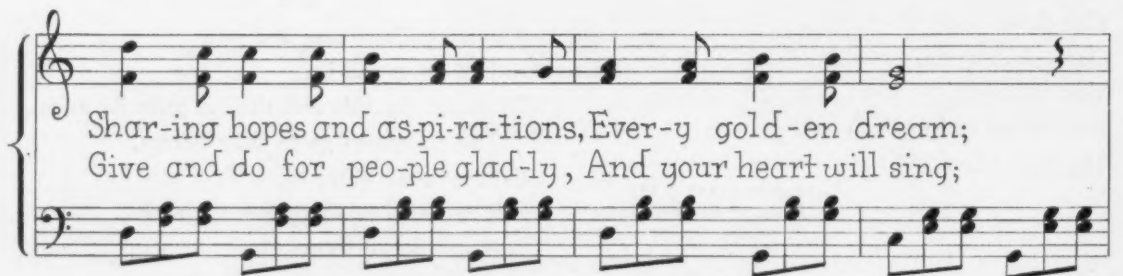
—BARBARA SHEPPARD
George Rogers Clark School
Hammond, Indiana

Help One Another

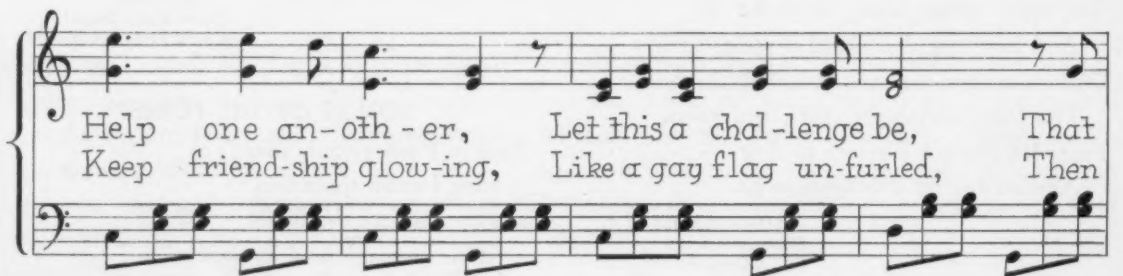
Words and Music by
Beth Milliken Joerger



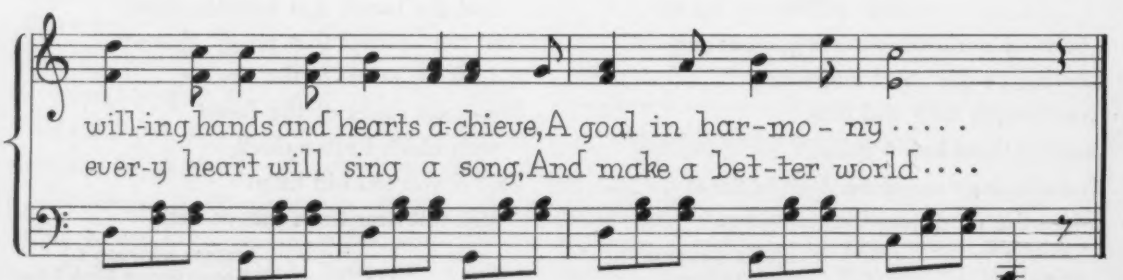
Help one an-oth - er, Make this your liv-ing theme,
Help one an-oth - er, Hap-pi-ness you can bring,



Shar-ing hopes and as-pi-ra-tions, Ever-y gold-en dream;
Give and do for peo-ple glad-ly, And your heart will sing;



Help one an-oth - er, Let this a chal-lenge be, That
Keep friend-ship glow-ing, Like a gay flag un-furled, Then



will-ing hands and hearts a-chieve, A goal in har-mo - ny
ever-y heart will sing a song, And make a bet-ter world

Illustrated by Jo F. Irwin

